

THE JAMAICA NEGRO

By FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

Special Correspondence The Washington Herald.
Kingston, Jamaica, July 20.—So serious has the evil of stealing become on the island of Jamaica that the authorities, after consultation with the English government itself, decided to reverse one of the very earliest and most rigidly adhered to principles of English law. That law assumes a man is innocent until he is proved guilty. They have decided down here, when a man is accused of stealing, to assume that he is guilty until he proves himself innocent. There are 800,000 negroes on this little island and only 15,000 white people. The negroes are, as a rule, illiterate, and the common sentiment that prohibits stealing lies very lightly on them. They are so poor that it is little wonder they steal, a negro laborer getting only 25 cents a day, but their getting has reached a point where only the sternest repressive measures will secure respect for the property.

Sir Sidney Olivier, the present governor of the island, is responsible for the new order of things. He went to England and laid the matter before the colonial office, which approved the new law. The law goes into effect, possession of property proved to have been stolen will be considered a prima facie proof of guilt, unless the defendant can produce evidence to the contrary in a legitimate way. In proving this he will have to discover the party who did steal it, or at least state the chain of evidence which will finally reach the right fellow. It has been proposed to mark every proven thief on the island, and some of the leading members of the Jamaica Agricultural Society are pressing the proposition, but this step will hardly be taken.

Sir Sidney Olivier is advocating the wiping out of the racial lines on the island. While he has never declared point blank for the amalgamation of the races, he advocates the gradual obliteration of racial distinction, and believes that social standing should be a matter of merit, rather than color. This view of his is not shared by a great many people, yet on every hand one sees the color line much less tautly drawn than in the United States. The average Jamaican negro does not care about it one way or another. He is content as completely deprived of the right to vote as the American negro is in the most ultra-Southern State. Having never been entitled to vote he does not object to not having the right. He is a very easy going, indifferent, and satisfied individual where matters political are concerned.

The digging of the Panama Canal has been a great boon to the Jamaican negro. There he clears about 80 cents a day. Here at home he has to be satisfied with 25 cents, or, if he is an exceptional hand, 30 cents a day. He has been proposed to pay for his living. In an exceptional hand he makes about three times as much at Panama as he gets at home. There are many thousands of them on the isthmus, and new ones are constantly going. Those who have been there awhile come home, build little shacks for themselves, and become plutocrats in their small way. The steamship companies have no end of trouble with stowaways to Colon. The fare is \$5, deck passage, but many a Jamaican cannot raise even this small amount, and so he stows away. One ship recently had over a stowaway from Jamaica when she landed at Colon.

The Jamaican negro is not as economical as the Barbadian. The island of Jamaica is densely populated, but not nearly so much so as Barbados. There they have a population of nearly 200,000, while the island is only fifteen miles wide and twenty-one long. They have to save everything. Even the leaves that fall from the scattered trees are gathered. Every little scrap of wood, every little twig, and every piece of paper is carried home. The Jamaican is under no such necessity, and is therefore not so thrifty. This shows in the reports of the director of posts for the Canal Zone. Although there are almost two Jamaicans to every Barbadian on the Zone, records of money orders show that the latter send home a great deal more of their earnings than the Jamaicans do.

There is an intense feeling between the Jamaicans and the Barbadians. Some time ago an English ship came to Kingston with a crowd of Barbadian deckers aboard. No sooner had the ship come alongside the dock than there was one of those "battles" every one saw. Every sort of missile was hurled at the deck, from lumps of coal to coconuts, which were thrown back and forth with a fury worthy of a better cause. It took the ship's crew and the police a long time to quell the disturbance.

The Jamaican, with all his ignorance and superstition, is something of a philosopher, and he has a stock of proverbs which are pretty wise, even if they are homespun. These are the ones that "the negro" tells him "tief half a bit; but when bukra tief, him tief de whole estate." When cockroach gives dance him nebbel invite fowl. "When you cross de rubber nebbel call alligator. You must kill him to pass him." "Hog, him run foh he life; dog him run foh he reputation." The worship of Obi is a species of fetishism which is affording the government no little trouble. All sorts of crimes are committed in its name, though stringent laws have been enacted to check it. When a man has the spell of Obeah upon him, he is a doomed man, if he does not die from sheer fright, a way is generally found to put some ground glass in his food. In the remotest districts of the island one hears a constant beating on tom-toms, and if he inquires what it means he will be told that it is negroes at Obi worship. The witch of Endor is called in the Hebrew language Obi, and Obi has come to Jamaica via Africa. The high priests of Obi are known as Obeah-men. They are upon all occasions looked upon as oracles. They are considered able to heal diseases and to discover crimes. If the bringer of gold they will, through ritual danger, find means to satisfy the applicant's wildest desire for revenge. The uglier, the dirtier, and the more forbidding in aspect the Obi man, the better he is taken to be. He practices all sorts of lurid, weird, horror-giving incantations calculated to deceive the gullible inquirer.

When Obi is "set" for a negro, his is a horrible existence. Poison is not often necessary to bring him to the grave. The effect of the superstition upon his mind is wonderful. If a garden or a poultry yard has been robbed, the proprietor, himself a negro, applies to the Obeah-man to set Obi for the thief. It is talked among the neighbors, and as soon as the culprit discovers that Obi is after him, his mind conjures up a thousand horrors, which, playing on his heart, work real physical ruin. The dread spell follows him everywhere. Obi looks him in the face wherever he goes. And so, after weeks of distressing mental sufferings, horrible visions, and soul-crushing dreams, he often goes to his grave a victim of his own rain imaginings, as surely as if he had been sent there by a fatal dose of poison or by an assassin's bullet. Obi is intensely real to the Jamaican negro. Has he not seen hundreds pursued by the grave itself in this evil spirit? Has he not beheld the fearful agony of dozens for whom Obi was set? Has he ever seen one who was marked

escape the inevitable doom? He will tell you that he has not, and to him seeing is believing. Mysticism is an invention for overcoming Obi. The supporters of this faith claim it to be a disenchantment of the spell of Obi. Wherever they can discover a man with the Obi spell over him, they offer, for a price, to remove it. Sometimes if the negro's faith in Obi happens to be stronger than his belief in Obi the disenchantment does take place. But there are only a comparatively few who believe that a mystic is stronger than Obi, so the larger proportion of the Obi spells are never cast off.

The Maroons of the island are one of its most interesting classes of people. They are the descendants of the slaves which were held by the Spanish before England took possession of the island. They took down with supreme contempt upon the other negroes of the island, and to this day enjoy certain rights and privileges not allowed to other inhabitants. A half dozen times since the British occupation they have revolted from British authority, and by carrying on at last to wrest from Britain their concessions which they now enjoy. It was only through the use of bloodhounds that the Maroons were finally run down and forced to terms of peace. But on this day they regard themselves as an unconquered race. In any trouble between the blacks and the whites they invariably take sides with the white people.

The negro population of the island is rapidly growing. Since 1881 it has approximately doubled. The annual number of births in the island is about 10,000 more than the number of deaths. The birth rate is upward of 38 per thousand a year. The children are brought up indifferently, though efforts are being made to reach them all with a fundamental education. The white women of the island have several organizations whose aim is to uplift the negro children. They are taught to be happy, such as the making of fancy work and making, and in other ways are better fitted for earning their livelihood. The white people and the negroes get along very well together. The average Jamaican negro will not introduce his presence where there is objectionable, and being well behaved as a rule, they do not real race friction, and everybody seems happy and contented.

(Copyright, 1908, by Frederic J. Haskin.)

To-morrow—Rebuilding Kingston, Jamaica.

NATTY THREE-PIECE SUIT.



4397

The American boy is a very active individual, and requires a good deal of exercise. He is to be kept in presentable condition. Many mothers, finding it a great expense to purchase their young sons' ready-made, prefer to make the garments at home, and these are appreciated the model illustrated, the pattern for which will be found of inestimable assistance, either in making up the material or in remodeling one of father's suits for the boy. The coat is vest, and trousers are all of the newest mode, and are especially designed for the boy who is just graduating into the "manly" style of attire, giving a very "well-set-up" effect to the youthful figure. The suit is not too difficult for home construction, while it may be made from any of the new, worn-out suitings. For the material of size 24 yards of 34-inch goods will be required. 350—five sizes, 8 to 12 years.

This pattern may be obtained by enclosing 10 cents to the Pattern Department, The Washington Herald, 734 Fifteenth street northwest, giving number (4397) and size wanted.

THE TOUCH OF BLACK.

It Often Leads Distinguished Touch.

A charming instance. The touch of black velvet as a trimming occurs to us every now and then, each time with the force of a surprise. It is quite a puzzle why we ever leave off using it, considering how often even a tiny bow will give a note of distinction to an otherwise very ordinary dress. This summer a clever little touch of black is to be seen on many hats and frocks. It is particularly effective on a light dress worn with a black hat. At the shore the other afternoon a very pretentious woman was wearing a dress of green, blue and mauve embroideries, with a vest and high collar of white lawn and lace. From the shoulder to the base of the vest on either side there was a narrow line of black velvet, ending in a small bow with short ends.

The hat worn with this was a greenish-blue chip lined with black chip and having a trimming of a very high-standing ruche of white silk muslin, round which was passed a very broad band of soft black satin ribbon, ending in a great cluster at one side. A pale mauve sunshade, pointed with sweet peas, went with it, the handle where we are accustomed to see the ferrule had a great clump of black satin ribbons just above where the hand clasps it.

Mexican Proverbs. He who never ventures will never cross the sea. There's no gain without pain. Flies cannot enter a closed mouth. Behind the cross is the devil. A cat in gloves will never catch rats. To the hungry no bread is dry. A book that is shut makes no scholar. A good landrums washes the shirt first. No evil will endure a hundred years. When the police pass, the saint is forgotten, says the family doctor.

FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

The most selfish thing a woman can do is to try to tie a man to a deathbed promise. In nine cases out of ten he will keep such a pledge, and in nearly that number of cases he will round the knell to his own happiness and add misery to the lives of others. Dying men and women have no moral right to hamper the lives of those who are left behind.

I had a friend, a talented girl who had received her just share of sorrow through the crime of her father before she had fairly entered on her own life. He threw down an honorable record of years of hard work and honesty by yielding to a temptation to steal a large sum of money. The girl was proud, but her affection for her father was stronger than her pride, so she remained loyal to him, even to the point of giving up the man whom she expected to wed.

One day she met another man who seemed destined to make up to her some part of the happiness she had lost, and she almost forgot to be miserable, almost forgot the humiliation of a father working out his merited sentence in a new-prison. The man who entered her life was upright save in one particular—he did not tell her of a promise he made his dying wife and his intention to keep it.

He had promised to marry his wife's closest friend after two years of mourning, merely to give a mother of her own choosing to the three babies she was leaving behind. He cared nothing for the woman, who knew the promise as she did and was prepared to fulfill it, but he had had a very strong affection for the girl he had deserted, and was ready to sacrifice yet he married her because he regarded the pledge as the most sacred thing in his life. The girl was mercifully spared more than a year of ceaseless heartache—she died from a commonplace malady.

There are widows, in numbers, living today in a half-bested fashion because selfish husbands gave them a choice between worldly ease in state harness and poverty with a companion. Generally the welfare of children has been a potent reason for choosing solitude, but such a sacrifice of happiness is wholly unnecessary.

If we believe anything of the future life we must believe that our dead have only kind wishes for us and would regret an act that would bring misery to loved ones left behind. That is, supposing that worldly matters concern the future life is not at all sure. The right of individual choice in matters which affect our life on earth is generally conceded, yet at a time when worldly matters are to be dropped the supreme selfishness of men and women is allowed to affect the future of a greater number of human beings who have the misfortune to be related to them by ties of blood or law. Where is the justice or the sense of it?

BETTY BRADEN.

IMPATIENT SPARROWS.

Clamored Because Dear, Generous Old Lady Was Late.

A man who goes home about daybreak at this time of year turned down an accustomed street the other morning, a street on which there are trees and rather wide areas with grass plots before the houses. In one of the areas he was surprised to see all the sparrows on the block holding a convention.

They were all headed toward the basement door of the house and were formed in a sort of wedge, with one single sparrow forming the apex and the others in broadening rows behind him, says the New York Sun. There may have been a hundred or more of them and they were all chirping with tremendous energy and insistence. It sounded as if an orchestra of ungreased wagon wheels was doing a fortissimo stomp.

As the man stood wondering what was the matter the basement door opened slowly and a very old and white-haired woman tottered out. She had a good-sized tin basin in her hand and it was full of bread crumbs, stale bread apparently, chopped up into chunks about the size of dice. As she opened the door she rose in the air with a great whirling of wings, but not to go far. They hovered about her as she feebly advanced to the area railing and began to throw handfuls of the bread into the street.

She scattered the food with experienced skill so that the maximum number of birds could get at it at the same time. With many chirps they descended upon it, some pecking it up apparently on their own account and others flying off to the tops of the houses or the angles of the roofs and corners, where they had nests. They made a clean job of it in a very few minutes.

I fed them every day, winter and summer, said the old lady, who is a beaming figure. "Unless the weather is too bad they get their meal soon after sunrise and they come looking for it; I'm an early riser. I'm just a little bit late this morning and that's the reason they were so noisy. I wonder who's going to take care of them soon when I'm gone? There won't be many to love them the way I do, but because they have so much life in them. But I guess they won't be let starve."

Put in More.

One morning just before starting to school, little Bobbie, aged six years, was watching his mamma put up his noon lunch. Suddenly he said: "Mamma, I wish you'd let Katie put up my lunch instead of doing it yourself. Won't you?" "I know, mamma, she's got a better appetite than you, an she puts more in."

During July and August we close at 5 p. m.; Saturdays at 1 p. m.

Hot Weather Furnishings On Credit

Come and select whatever your home lacks from our great stock and we will gladly arrange credit terms to suit you. You will find us well prepared to supply all your needs, for our stock contains everything that can aid in making your home comfortable for the hot weather. Refrigerators, Gas Stoves, Rattan Rockers, Mattings, Summer Draperies, etc.

PETER GROGAN 817-819-821-823 Seventh St.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

Copyright, 1908, by Horace Annesley Vachell. Entered at Stationers' Hall. All rights reserved.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

Next day she left Henshaw. Hugo told himself that if he had spoken out, she would have lost a much-needed holiday. Thus he saved a conscience already more sensitive than he would have cared to admit. For it was plain to him that, unwittingly, he had obtained her friendship under false pretenses. The glance of her eye, the pressure of her hand when she bade him good-by, the eloquent of something more than a attitude.

From the hour she left he missed her horribly. The Forest of Ys lost its subtle enchantment. The very air became heavy and oppressive. He missed the exorcism of paternal emotion before it, the exorcism of the demon of jealousy, substituting a vague sadness entirely impersonal, because he remembered that Burgess' mother was dead. She had adored him. How unwillingly she must have left him! And more than once the young fellow had spoken of an inspiring influence from without; some kindly guardian angel, so to speak, who came unexpectedly seemed to place guiding words in his mouth, or to guide his pen.

Hugo returned to his room to pass a wretched night. Those "fateful shadows," his own acts, his mere about his bed, he wandered with them up and down the slums of sleep, where oblivion seems so unaccountably near; the much sought happiness just beyond his reach. He had always been a dreamer. He was a man who does what he pleases, but the man who does what he pleases is seldom pleased with what he does.

CHAPTER XVII.

Hugo went shooting the next day. January was drawing to a close, and with it the shooting season. To be observing the first signs of spring were beginning to show themselves; almost imperceptible gradations of warmer tint might be seen upon the willows and the poplars. Hugo, however, trusted to his master, but generally, just out of sight, being a true descendant of a race of poachers and smugglers, with an inherited instinct to place a bush or a tree between himself and the game, he had come to know Tom Henbest. The honest fellow had only one weakness, strong as it was, and that was to tipple too often to him. He had forgotten that a slatternly, ill-tempered wife, who looked like a devil, was always awaiting him when he returned to his tiny cottage after a long day's work. In a moment of expansion he had admitted that it was "a terrible job to keep his wife off his back. But, apparently, he had done so; submitting patiently to everlasting tantrums. Two of his children were ailing. Tisdale had been ailing for some time, and the break of diphtheria, that the number of others held tenaciously to certain nostrums. Mrs. Henbest believed that virtue lay in ascorbic acid and a paste of raw flour and water. The young fellow, who was an anemic, dyspeptic girl of sixteen might well have undermined faith in such remedies, but she went on collecting must, and still administered her paste as regularly as Mrs. Sowerby served out gruel and treacle to the urchins of Dootboys Hall!

Hugo found his mind dwelling upon the Henbests, and what they represented. He thought of their ignorance and misery, and the lovers, now engaged to play at a game even more serious than golf. Spring racing in their veins, too. A hole upon a golf course had been aptly named Sunny Bunker. When the sun shone—and it was shining to-day—one could always find a warm bank which invited the weary golfer to sit down and smoke a cigarette, and gaze upon the triumph and disappointments of the round. Hugo was ready to lay long odds that Burgess would select this sheltered spot for full contemplation of his passion. From it might be obtained a view of a delectable landscape, panoramic in extent, stretching on and on till it melted and vanished in the distant sea. The future of the lovers presented quite an enchanting a prospect.

Plunging through a snipe bog in which the snipe were absent, up to his ankles in black, evil-smelling mud, with the wind howling, and the rain falling deeper and deeper, Tom Henbest symbolized the reverse of life's meanderings. The sport was so bad that Hugo returned home early in the afternoon. He went once to his room to change, but he had hardly closed the door before Burgess burst in, wild with misery.

He had made an appalling mistake! The reader will see how he anticipated this. We shall not, therefore, repeat the obvious cause of it, but proceed at once to the less obvious effect. Joy's love for the young fellow had been essentially a maternal sentiment, perhaps. It would remain so to the end. That, however, was not meant quite clear to the ardent lover.

It seemed incredible that such feeling should fall to evoke a response. Upon this point, though sorely puzzled, Hugo was inclined to agree with him. Burgess' tale of disaster confounded him. He was a little incredulous as to the youth that the primrose path led straight and shining to the altar. Could Tisdale—

Tisdale? Burgess exploded. Tisdale was no more to be considered than Tommy Bungray or Jimmie Pendergast, young youths with absolutely nothing in their nice-looking pates but the determination to hunt six days a week, by day and night, and to have a kennel on the bounds! And any fellow with an ounce of intelligence could take his oath that Joy Vennable would never fall in love with Burgess.

When he had proved this to his own satisfaction Burgess paused. Hugo put the question directly: Why did Burgess assume so violent a reaction? He had been supplanting? With a certain embarrassment confession was made. The furious youth had extracted, perhaps with brutality, the unqualified admission. Hope had been denied to him categorically, because there was another.

At this point Burgess broke down. It has been said that he was not effeminate, but the femininity in his character and temperament had been manifested to Hugo within an hour of their first meeting. Once before Charities had been confronted with a similar emergency. Her young Tressilian had eaten his look with tears, and she had tried to stanch with words abominably trite and unavailing. Tressilian's passion, it is true, had been of a scarlet complexion, tainted from the first. This other was the pure white flame.

Hugo laid a kind hand upon the bent head and waited. Something in his touch may have calmed Burgess, for presently he said: "Something has happened while I've been away. You must know whom she's met in the last two months, what outsider, I mean."

"She has met nobody, not a soul." This was a long pause. Burgess stared steadily into eyes that met his as steadily. And then illumination came suddenly, with blinding glare.

"By God, you're the man!"

was able to transport his listener to that unmythical wherein he seemed to float so serenely. Finally this memorable evening came to an end. The men went to bed, but Hugo, within half an hour, had occasion to speak to Burgess again. He found the hope of the New Brooms fast asleep and smiling. Hugo did not wake him, but watched him for more than a minute, wondering if Joy were also asleep and dreaming of her lover. They were so sure of each other!

The beauty of the face in repose moved him profoundly. He found himself wondering what it would feel like to have such a son. He had never been sensible of paternal emotion before. It exorcised the demon of jealousy, substituting a vague sadness entirely impersonal, because he remembered that Burgess' mother was dead. She had adored him. How unwillingly she must have left him! And more than once the young fellow had spoken of an inspiring influence from without; some kindly guardian angel, so to speak, who came unexpectedly seemed to place guiding words in his mouth, or to guide his pen.

Hugo went shooting the next day. January was drawing to a close, and with it the shooting season. To be observing the first signs of spring were beginning to show themselves; almost imperceptible gradations of warmer tint might be seen upon the willows and the poplars. Hugo, however, trusted to his master, but generally, just out of sight, being a true descendant of a race of poachers and smugglers, with an inherited instinct to place a bush or a tree between himself and the game, he had come to know Tom Henbest. The honest fellow had only one weakness, strong as it was, and that was to tipple too often to him. He had forgotten that a slatternly, ill-tempered wife, who looked like a devil, was always awaiting him when he returned to his tiny cottage after a long day's work. In a moment of expansion he had admitted that it was "a terrible job to keep his wife off his back. But, apparently, he had done so; submitting patiently to everlasting tantrums. Two of his children were ailing. Tisdale had been ailing for some time, and the break of diphtheria, that the number of others held tenaciously to certain nostrums. Mrs. Henbest believed that virtue lay in ascorbic acid and a paste of raw flour and water. The young fellow, who was an anemic, dyspeptic girl of sixteen might well have undermined faith in such remedies, but she went on collecting must, and still administered her paste as regularly as Mrs. Sowerby served out gruel and treacle to the urchins of Dootboys Hall!

Hugo found his mind dwelling upon the Henbests, and what they represented. He thought of their ignorance and misery, and the lovers, now engaged to play at a game even more serious than golf. Spring racing in their veins, too. A hole upon a golf course had been aptly named Sunny Bunker. When the sun shone—and it was shining to-day—one could always find a warm bank which invited the weary golfer to sit down and smoke a cigarette, and gaze upon the triumph and disappointments of the round. Hugo was ready to lay long odds that Burgess would select this sheltered spot for full contemplation of his passion. From it might be obtained a view of a delectable landscape, panoramic in extent, stretching on and on till it melted and vanished in the distant sea. The future of the lovers presented quite an enchanting a prospect.

Plunging through a snipe bog in which the snipe were absent, up to his ankles in black, evil-smelling mud, with the wind howling, and the rain falling deeper and deeper, Tom Henbest symbolized the reverse of life's meanderings. The sport was so bad that Hugo returned home early in the afternoon. He went once to his room to change, but he had hardly closed the door before Burgess burst in, wild with misery.

He had made an appalling mistake! The reader will see how he anticipated this. We shall not, therefore, repeat the obvious cause of it, but proceed at once to the less obvious effect. Joy's love for the young fellow had been essentially a maternal sentiment, perhaps. It would remain so to the end. That, however, was not meant quite clear to the ardent lover.

It seemed incredible that such feeling should fall to evoke a response. Upon this point, though sorely puzzled, Hugo was inclined to agree with him. Burgess' tale of disaster confounded him. He was a little incredulous as to the youth that the primrose path led straight and shining to the altar. Could Tisdale—

Tisdale? Burgess exploded. Tisdale was no more to be considered than Tommy Bungray or Jimmie Pendergast, young youths with absolutely nothing in their nice-looking pates but the determination to hunt six days a week, by day and night, and to have a kennel on the bounds! And any fellow with an ounce of intelligence could take his oath that Joy Vennable would never fall in love with Burgess.

When he had proved this to his own satisfaction Burgess paused. Hugo put the question directly: Why did Burgess assume so violent a reaction? He had been supplanting? With a certain embarrassment confession was made. The furious youth had extracted, perhaps with brutality, the unqualified admission. Hope had been denied to him categorically, because there was another.

At this point Burgess broke down. It has been said that he was not effeminate, but the femininity in his character and temperament had been manifested to Hugo within an hour of their first meeting. Once before Charities had been confronted with a similar emergency. Her young Tressilian had eaten his look with tears, and she had tried to stanch with words abominably trite and unavailing. Tressilian's passion, it is true, had been of a scarlet complexion, tainted from the first. This other was the pure white flame.

Hugo laid a kind hand upon the bent head and waited. Something in his touch may have calmed Burgess, for presently he said: "Something has happened while I've been away. You must know whom she's met in the last two months, what outsider, I mean."

"She has met nobody, not a soul." This was a long pause. Burgess stared steadily into eyes that met his as steadily. And then illumination came suddenly, with blinding glare.

"By God, you're the man!"

SWANN'SONS

6th St. & Pa. Ave. THE BUSY CORNER

Unrestricted choice of Tailored suits

Values to \$40.00

For—

\$10.00

Spring and summer suits

We absolutely will not carry over from one season to the other any tailored suit. We know these styles are very desirable, and if we carried nothing for our reputation or honest business principles could easily sell them as fall styles.

BUT THAT ISN'T OUR WAY. We give you the advantage, have a clean sweep before inventory, and as a consequence offer you some almost unheard-of values in tailored suits to-day.

ONLY ONE OR TWO OF A KIND. AND WE WILL TAKE NO C. O. D. ORDERS, SEND NONE OUT ON APPROVAL.

Plain tailored effects. Some embroidered effects. Make your selection to-day. Only a limited number left. Suit Department—Second Floor.

Styles all perfectly good for early fall wear.

soning had been founded upon a false premise. Joy's voice, which had trembled when she said, "I should go wild with misery if anything happened to me," still echoed in his ears. He could see her eyes softly suffused with uncontrollable emotion, and her finely-formed fingers clenched with cruel apprehension. And, like a flash, he remembered that she had spoken and looked when her father fell ill.

"Impossible!" Hugo answered swiftly, and yet he knew that the impossible had come to pass. The past war raged. Decisive battles in the world's history have been won and lost in a few minutes; the battles of the soul are sometimes of shorter duration. In this case the victory was to the Powers of Evil. No student of life will be surprised at this, because the human will and the human appreciation of higher things are bond-slaves to habit. During the past few weeks Hugo Charities had lived, cheerfully enough, for others. A capacity for self-sacrifice had been born in him, an inheritance from his mother, an almost ineradicable part of his character and temperament. He had stood out finely, distinguishing himself from the common herd, and gaining for him many friends at Eton and afterward. Never had it manifested itself so plainly as during the trial, although not half a dozen persons perceived it at the time. But, overlying this divine instinct were years of self-indulgence; the years when he had been so much more than the world's history have been won and lost in a few minutes; the battles of the soul are sometimes of shorter duration. In this case the victory was to the Powers of Evil. No student of life will be surprised at this, because the human will and the human appreciation of higher things are bond-slaves to habit. During the past few weeks Hugo Charities had lived, cheerfully enough, for others. A capacity for self-sacrifice had been born in him, an inheritance from his mother, an almost ineradicable part of his character and temperament. He had stood out finely, distinguishing himself from the common herd, and gaining for him many friends at Eton and afterward. Never had it manifested itself so plainly as during the trial, although not half a dozen persons perceived it at the time. But, overlying this divine instinct were years of self-indulgence; the years when he had been so much more than the world's history have been won and lost in a few minutes; the battles of the soul are sometimes of shorter duration. In this case the victory was to the Powers of Evil. No student of life will be surprised at this, because the human will and the human appreciation of higher things are bond-slaves to habit. During the past few weeks Hugo Charities had lived, cheerfully enough, for others. A capacity for self-sacrifice had been born in him, an inheritance from his mother, an almost ineradicable part of his character and temperament. He had stood out finely, distinguishing himself from the common herd, and gaining for him many friends at Eton and afterward. Never had it manifested itself so plainly as during the trial, although not half a dozen persons perceived it at the time. But, overlying this divine instinct were years of self-indulgence; the years when he had been so much more than the world's history have been won and lost in a few minutes; the battles of the soul are sometimes of shorter duration. In this case the victory was to the Powers of Evil. No student of life will be surprised at this, because the human will and the human appreciation of higher things are bond-slaves to habit. During the past few weeks Hugo Charities had lived, cheerfully enough, for others. A capacity for self-sacrifice had been born in him, an inheritance from his mother, an almost ineradicable part of his character and temperament. He had stood out finely, distinguishing himself from the common herd, and gaining for him many friends at Eton and afterward. Never had it manifested itself so plainly as during the trial, although not half a dozen persons perceived it at the time. But, overlying this divine instinct were years of self-indulgence; the years when he had been so much more than the world's history have been won and lost in a few minutes; the battles of the soul are sometimes of shorter duration. In this case the victory was to the Powers of Evil. No student of life will be surprised at this, because the human will and the human appreciation of higher things are bond-slaves to habit. During the past few weeks Hugo Charities had lived, cheerfully enough, for others. A capacity for self-sacrifice had been born in him, an inheritance from his mother, an almost ineradicable part of his character and temperament. He had stood out finely, distinguishing himself from the common herd, and gaining for him many friends at Eton and afterward. Never had it manifested itself so plainly as during the trial, although not half a dozen persons perceived it at the time. But, overlying this divine instinct were years of self-indulgence; the years when he had been so much more than the world's history have been won and lost in a few minutes; the battles of the soul are sometimes of shorter duration. In this case the victory was to the Powers of Evil. No student of life will be surprised at this, because the human will and the human appreciation of higher things are bond-slaves to habit. During the past few weeks Hugo Charities had lived, cheerfully enough, for others. A capacity for self-sacrifice had been born in him, an inheritance from his mother, an almost ineradicable part of his character and temperament. He had stood out finely, distinguishing himself from the common herd, and gaining for him many friends at Eton and afterward. Never had it manifested itself so plainly as during the trial, although not half a dozen persons perceived it at the time. But, overlying this divine instinct were years of self-indulgence; the years when he had been so much more than the world's history have been won and lost in a few minutes; the battles of the soul are sometimes of shorter duration. In this case the victory was to the Powers of Evil. No student of life will be surprised at this, because the human will and the human appreciation of higher things are bond-slaves to habit. During the past few weeks Hugo Charities had lived, cheerfully enough, for others. A capacity for self-sacrifice had been born in him, an inheritance from his mother, an almost ineradicable part of his character and temperament. He had stood out finely, distinguishing himself from the common herd, and gaining for him many friends at Eton and afterward. Never had it manifested itself so plainly as during the trial, although not half a dozen persons perceived it at the time. But, overlying this divine instinct were years of self-indulgence; the years when he had been so much more than the world's history have been won and lost in a few minutes; the battles of the soul are sometimes of shorter duration. In this case the victory was to the Powers of Evil. No student of life will be surprised at this, because the human will and the human appreciation of higher things are bond-slaves to habit. During the past few weeks Hugo Charities had lived, cheerfully enough, for others. A capacity for self-sacrifice had been born in him, an inheritance from his mother, an almost ineradicable part of his character and temperament. He had stood out finely, distinguishing himself from the common herd, and gaining for him many friends at Eton and afterward. Never had it manifested itself so plainly as during the trial, although not half a dozen persons perceived it at the time. But, overlying this divine instinct were years of self-indulgence; the years when he had been so much more than the world's history have been won and lost in a few minutes; the battles of the soul are sometimes of shorter duration. In this case the victory was to the Powers of Evil. No student of life will be surprised at this, because the human will and the human appreciation of higher things are bond-slaves to habit. During the past few weeks Hugo Charities had lived, cheerfully enough, for others. A capacity for self-sacrifice had been born in him, an inheritance from his mother, an almost ineradicable part of his character and temperament. He had stood out finely, distinguishing himself from the common herd, and gaining for him many friends at Eton and afterward. Never had it manifested itself so plainly as during the trial, although not half a dozen persons perceived it at the time. But, overlying this divine instinct were years of self-indulgence; the years when he had been so much more than the world's history have been won and lost in a few minutes; the battles of the soul are sometimes of shorter duration. In this case the victory was to the Powers of Evil. No student of life will be surprised at this, because the human will and the human appreciation of higher things are bond-slaves to habit. During the past few weeks Hugo Charities had lived, cheerfully enough, for others. A capacity for self-sacrifice had been born in him, an inheritance from his mother, an almost ineradicable part of his character and temperament. He had stood out finely, distinguishing himself from the common herd, and gaining for him many friends at Eton and afterward. Never had it manifested itself so plainly as during the trial, although not half a dozen persons perceived it at the time. But, overlying this divine instinct were years of self-indulgence; the years when he had been so much more than the world's history have been won and lost in a few minutes; the battles of the soul are sometimes of shorter duration. In this case the victory was to the Powers of Evil. No student of life will be surprised at this, because the human will and the human appreciation of higher things are bond-slaves to habit. During the past few weeks Hugo Charities had lived, cheerfully